

# JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

## A Chronicle of Society

SUSAN MY DEAR:

Here am I consumed with a mad desire to put my head down on my desk and go to sleep, when, if I don't get this letter off in short order it will miss the boat and leave little Susan shy of news from home—and I've real news for you, too.

The famous camp at Fourth Lake is in full swing, and there are great doings. Dorothy and Earl North are the chaperons; Hildreth Gatewood, May Power, Ruth Bliss, and Emily Johnson the girls, and there is a list of men as long as your arm, who will join the party at one time or another. Mr. Sammett, Mr. Fenwick, Jimmie Brice, from West Point; D. I. Sultan, a Mr. Savage, from Norfolk; Jack Niel, Gilmer Easley, perhaps, and so on. Only a postal or two so far have reached me, as they have not been long established, but I gather that the place is lovely, cool enough for sweaters, and that in addition to tennis and other sports, there is a daily race for food. I should say a three-times daily race.

George wrote me, the other day, a "ship-bored" letter. He crossed on the Kroonland, and I learned just yesterday that Dorothy Berthoff went over on the same ship. I'm so very sorry I didn't know of it sooner. They might have foregathered on the trip and had some good times. Wouldn't it be fun if you and he could come back on the same ship—but I fear your sailing date will be somewhat later than his.

This is the psychological moment for the lion hunter, and this the happy hunting ground! Although the cool weather and the unsettled conditions have delayed the social exodus to an unprecedented degree and although the number of society folk in town greatly exceeds that of other years, yet the time has arrived when the ladies are scarce, and when the hostess who can serve a charming little dinner, with a candle lighted table, and offer, mayhap, an easy chair on a shady veranda, with iced drinks in the office, can make capital that will stand her in good stead during the winter and all winters to come.

What an oasis is such a woman's house to the summer bachelors—with maybe a Cabinet officer, a commanding general, a solon of great reputation or a shining literary light among them—who wander aimlessly about town, trying to keep cool, and ashamed to confess to their companions in misery how very much they wish their wives were at home!

And with what ease can she make a reputation for being a woman of great intelligence, with a genius for entertaining, and a beautiful, sympathetic soul. Let her feed the brute in the days when his home is not, and listen with patience to his tale of woe, when he is lonesome and forlorn; thus the deed is done.

As for the girls, they are belles indeed; pity their sister in the Adamless Edens at the seashore and mountains! Men are plenty, girls are scarce and opportunity furnished to form enduring friendships that would never flourish in the stifling atmosphere of winter festivities. Tennis is on the tapis, with the courts at the country clubs going in full force and space at a premium on the municipal courts, there is a swim to be had in the pools by the Monument for the trouble of the trip, automobiles are numerous and many a seat, which in winter is seldom vacant, goes begging for an occupant; while, of an evening, there are the stock companies to patronize, moving pictures de luxe at the open-air places, the roof garden, or rather we may use the plural now since the opening of the Press Club roof and dances about seven evenings out of six at the various clubs.

Mid-week dances at the Chevy Chase Club continue extremely popular, the Army and Navy Club "stages" a hop every Thursday. Saturday evening there is dancing at Chevy Chase and also at the Washington Country Club, another evening the Columbia Club has a dance, and so it goes. Lots of the girls, who are left in town, and they are a goodly company, make the rounds regularly and experience all the sensations of being great belles, a sensation somewhat rare in this town where the men are notorious for allowing the women to do the entertaining—I might almost say the rushing.

Juliette Fremont—Mrs. Henry Waterson Hull she is now—has been in Washington with the Poli Players. Her husband, too, is an actor, I believe, and played opposite her in several shows. I was sorry to miss seeing them and the chance is gone now, for they have gone to Pembroke, N. J., to spend their vacation with Mrs. Fremont. Both the Fremont girls are clever and unusual, and when, after several seasons in society, they tired of a ceaseless round of gaiety and de-

cided to do something worth while, Juliette went on the stage and Jessie opened a dress-making establishment. She has made a success of it, too, owing largely, I think, to the fact that she depends on her talents and excellent work for her clientele rather than on the fact that she was a society girl with a lot of influential friends.

Good looking Jack Fremont is also visiting his mother, convalescing, they say, from a quite serious illness.

If I had as pretty a name as Jane Mayhew Bell, I don't believe I'd be in any hurry to change it, but that is what the charming little daughter of the John Hughes Bells has done. Her engagement to Frederick Wesley Harvey, of Philadelphia, was announced some time ago. Her mother and father had given their consent, although they thought she was young enough to wait a little, and it was all arranged that they should be married in the fall, when, behold, the young people decided that waiting was an unnecessary bore, walked off and were married quietly. The Bells are very fond of Fred, and Jane is the apple of their eye, so it didn't take long to win their forgiveness. Fred is in business with his father in Philadelphia—doing splendidly, too—and that is where Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wesley Harvey will live.

The John Davidsons have gone to the country for the summer, leaving Nellie, Thomas and Sidney to hold forth in the T street house. It is a lovely big place, nice and cool, and Nellie is having the time of her life playing at keeping house. I guess there is a good deal of real work about it at times, for they have dispensed with a maid, but Nellie always manages to be fresh, cool, pretty as a picture and ready for tennis, dancing or any sort of a good time. In the fall they expect to take an apartment somewhere in town.

Do you remember Lawrence Janney, the very good-looking Georgetown boy, who used to be an instructor at Western High School, when some of our crowd were going there—more years ago than I care to mention? He is back in Washington on a business trip and is staying at the Shoreham for a little while. He migrated to Boston some time ago, married a Boston girl, a Miss Lawton, I think, and has had tremendous success as a patent attorney. I wonder if he has any recollection of the adoring crowd of school girls who used to hang on his words and tremble at his frown.

The Attorney General expects to leave town about the first of August, for a month's vacation, probably spent on a camping trip. Rumor is doing her best to connect his name with little Lucy Burleson's, but, as is the way of rumors, I believe it is made out of whole cloth. Mr. McReynolds laughs at the idea and says, while he is devoted to Lucy, he wishes her better luck than to marry a man old enough to be her father. He is very, very fond of both the Burleson girls, seeks their society when they are here and is always doing some nice little thing for them, but his affection is, I am sure, purely paternal or big-brotherly in character and impartially divided between the two.

My dear, you should see Binks. You remember how pitifully thin his hair was when you were here? Well, it looked "curiouser and curiouser" as time went on until some one suggested a remedy, some wonderful stuff that is put on with a blow-dry. Binks yowls pitifully every time it is applied, but hair is growing like grass and I never look at him without thinking of the clown in the old fairy play "Superba," who applied hair restorer to the back of a statue of Venus and, to my intense astonishment and delight, raised a fur rug.

I caught a fleeting glimpse of Dorothy McCombs the other day. Very cunning she looked, too, in a white gown with some sort of a shade hat. It is almost impossible for her friends here to ever see her, for her visits are both fleeting and, as a rule, unexpected. Mr. McCombs makes a number of flying business trips, and Dorothy usually takes the opportunity to run down for a visit with her mother. However, the minute "Billy" returns she flits home and as she says "can't be pried loose with a crowbar."

They are hoping to take a six weeks trip to Europe, if he can arrange business matters satisfactorily, but nothing is definitely settled yet.

Bill Bailey is in town once more, after a month's trip to Arizona, but the usual "foursome," Bill Bailey, J. W. Belt, Elton Stanley, and Jack Wylie, is still incomplete, as Jack is off somewhere with his mother.



MRS. HARRY BERRY and Daughter.

Georgia Knox Berry and her little daughter, Katherine, have gone home after a nice long visit to the Knoxes. Georgia planned to stay until the family left for Atlantic City, but their departure has been delayed several times—they won't get off now until after the first of August—and Harry Berry fell victim to that restless, unsatisfied feeling that afflicts summer widowers and begged her to come back, so off they started. Georgia took her brother—Billy I think they call him—home with her. He is a youngster about sixteen and has the time of his life at the Berry's. You know they have a great big country place somewhere in Tennessee and there is lots of shooting and fishing. In fact, it is paradise for a boy of that age. This is the lady's latest picture, and pretty it is 'n'est ce pas? Nina Van Arsdale will go to Atlantic City with Mr. and Mrs. Knox. They are devoted to her and she has been just like a daughter to them since Georgia married.

I hear from Huntington, W. Va., that Tudelle Hughes has been having an attack of appendicitis. She is lots better now, but says that she will probably have to undergo an operation before long.

The Fechtlers will not go away until fall, when they have a trip abroad in mind. Mrs. Fechtler wants particularly to wait until October in order that her son, who is at the Naval Academy, may spend his September leave with them. After that she and Margaret, with the younger members of the family, will go to Europe for a while. Captain Fechtler will be detained here by an unfeeling Navy Department.

Marshall and Anne Magruder are here for a visit stopping with Anne's mother, Mrs. Harry Peyton. Marshall is stationed in Texas, at El Paso, I think, and is on leave now, so they are back home, for the first time, I believe, since their marriage. Anne is as attractive as ever, and they have two adorable children.

Here's another name to add to the already lengthy list of Washington girls who have taken honors in dancing. Pretty little Virginia Thompson, daughter of the L. L. Thompsons, is at Atlantic City and her dancing there has attracted much admiration while she won prizes in the contests held at

only been in Washington for an occasional visit. She is here now, looking as handsome as ever and as much in demand. She spent some time with the George Minnegarodes, also visited Nellie Davidson Thomas and is now with the Drum-Hunts at Bethesda. Did you know that last winter Mary and Karl were dancing together somewhere in New York, and made a very decided hit? Some one told me of it at the time and I forget the fabulous sum I heard they "pulled down" weekly. Karl Minnegarode, by the way, is doing some sort of engineering work at Elephant Butte, N. M., something for the Government, I believe. Poor lonesome person! He writes that his one chief consolation is that he can occasionally run over to El Paso to visit with Alec Searles and Carl Bradford and talk over Fort Myer days.

Alec may remain to comfort him, but I saw the other day that Carl had been ordered to West Point as instructor. It is funny what a colony of ex-Washington beaux there is at the Point. Earl North, with his wife, of course; Stuart Godfrey, "D. I." Sultan, "Pink" Harrington, all of whom have been recently stationed at Washington Barracks, and now Karl goes up to join the happy party. From all accounts it must be a most attractive post, too.

Gen. and Mrs. Albert L. Mills are spending the week-end with the Governor of New Jersey and Mrs. Fielder at Seagirt, N. J. I had a nice little talk with Mrs. Mills just before her departure, and she told me all about her summer plans. On Monday the general returns to Washington for a few days, while she goes to Atlantic Highlands to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Herman de Selding. Then they meet in New York and sail on the seventh to be gone six weeks. They will only have four weeks or so on shore and will spend the entire time in the British Isles, a week or ten days in London, and the rest of the time divided between Scotland-Ireland and the English lake country. Sounds alluring, doesn't it?

You'll be interested, I know, to hear of Aldana Quimby's engagement to Lee White, of Stamford, Conn., and New York. Dr. and Mrs. Quimby made the announcement in New York only this week, and as yet there are no definite wedding plans. Aldana made many friends here when she visited Ruth Bliss several years ago, and I know of several young men who will wear the willow over this, if only for fond memory's sake. She is a most attractive girl, with brains as well as beauty, and I hear the young man is a splendid chap.

We had a wonderful week end party at The Hedges last week, a dozen or so strong, so that the boys were sleeping in tents and there was neither corner nor cranny that hadn't a youngster curled up under a rug.

Saturday night there was a dance for pretty Anne Turner, lots of fun it was, too, and Sunday we went on a fine tramp. We explored the wood lot, which sounds rather mild, but in reality it meant penetrating the jungle, mountain climbing, and a two-mile jaunt along the bed of the creek, leaping from rock to rock "all same like mountain goat," as the navy expression goes. It was the best of sport, for the day was ideal, almost like autumn, and the woods heavenly. Dinner, with fried chicken for a regiment, and an attack in force that would have made most housekeepers weep, but dear Aunt Jennie egged us on—and begged the crowd to stay for supper. Home in the dusk with the country looking beautiful enough to hurt and the air heavy with honeysuckle. My country lore seems at fault, for I always thought of the honeysuckle as over and done with long ere this. I wonder is there anything in all the famous English hedgerows so sweet?

Elena Calderon is yet in town and has no summer plans, also Marta Calvo. They are two of the prettiest girls in all the diplomatic set, so that it is well represented among the stay-at-homes. Doris Drain is here, also Dorothy Wyeth—or at least she was a week ago, and I think still is; pretty little Clorine Hunter, Cornelia Clagett, Margaret Fechtler, Kate Du Bose, and Marcia Murdoch.

Maitland and Jack Knapp are comfortably tucked in their apartment at the St. Regis—a most attractive one it is, too—and find the summer quite endurable.

I must hurry, Susan mine, to be ready for Mrs. Griffin's wedding. Mrs. Etha Patterson Griffin, you know, and she is to be married very quietly to Philip Clancy, of Niagara Falls, at 5 this afternoon at the home of the brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Tiller. The bride's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Patterson, of Georgia, and a very few relatives and friends will be there. The bride's gown will be of purple faille, made with the smart new cape, she will wear a hat trimmed with shaded purple plumes and a corsage bouquet of orchids, while her only ornament will be a handsome string of amethyst beads. I know she will look very pretty, and I do love a quiet home wedding. After the ceremony they will take a short trip and then will make their home in Niagara Falls.

Now to powder my nose, prink a bit, wish the bride luck and then for a ride to blow the cobwebs out of my brain.

With much love and anxiously waiting your next letter, I am,

Fondly yours,

*Jean Eliot*  
Saturday afternoon.

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